

TEXTS FOR STUDENTS. No. 23

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SELECT EXTRACTS
ILLUSTRATING
SPORTS & PASTIMES
IN THE
MIDDLE AGES

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INTRODUCTION

THE difficulty before the compiler of these extracts has been one of selection. There are so many passages in English literature which suggest themselves that without going beyond volumes which are on almost everybody's shelves it would be easy to compile a volume illustrative of the Sports and Pastimes of the English twice or even more times larger than this. But that was not my object. I wanted to offer to the reader passages from the less known books, leaving to him the task of supplementing the information herein gained by pleasurable excursions into his own library. This will explain why *Piers the Plowman* and *Sir Gawayne* are quoted but Chaucer left out. Shakespeare and Spenser were omitted for the same reason, and the opportunity taken of quoting from the excellently quaint *Diary of Henry Machyn*, which is a perfect treasure-house of information about Tudor London and the manners of the people living there. I would recommend readers of this book to study Henry Machyn closely, for but a tithe of the passages suitable for quotation are used here.

Again, I have hardly touched on the ballad literature of these islands, which frequently contains references to sports, nor to the rich storehouse of Tudor plays. I offer no apology for printing three pieces of modern English. Wylie's history of Henry IV.'s reign is a difficult book to obtain, and is not nearly so well known as it deserves to be. The Mummers' play from Sorrelsykes retains the medieval flavour, and I know of no similar contemporary play preserved for us at the time. The passages from *Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight* would be incomprehensible in the

original, and I have therefore sought for and, I think, obtained the best modern translation of this magnificent poem.

It will be noticed that such well-known accounts of games as those of Fitzstephen and Stow have been omitted from this volume. The former has already appeared in Professor Hearnshaw's volume on "Town Life" in this series and the latter in Mr. Coulton's "Social Life in Britain." The long account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Kenilworth Castle in 1575 is omitted because it is well known through Scott. I have, however, included a dialect account of a small part of this incident.

For the purposes of this book the Middle Ages end with the Tudors, and though perhaps the first forty years of the seventeenth century are a golden age for intellectual England, yet I always feel that with the Stuarts this country became sadder but not much wiser. Englishmen have always been fond of games of skill and chance, of hunting of all kinds, of acting and pageantry, and of dancing and music. To-day we have simplified our games in proportion as life has become more complicated; so that many of the pastimes of our ancestors no longer exist or, if they do, are regarded as anachronistic curiosities and studies fit for the antiquary. All the same most of our popular outdoor sports and many of our indoor ones have very long and honourable histories.

The broad division into indoor and outdoor sports at once suggests itself, but except for feasting and minstrelsy indoor pastimes were not very common, for we were essentially an open-air nation. I have divided my book roughly into three sections—the first containing the general and musical extracts, the second the outdoor sports, and the third the festivals and indoor games.

I have to thank Mr. Kenneth Hare for his kind permission to use extracts from his version of *Sir Gawayne and*

the Green Knight, and Mr. Harold Armitage for a similar permission to use an extract from Sorrelsykes ; also the Secretary of the Clarendon Press for permission to use a passage from "Early Plays from the Italian," edited by Mr. R. Warwick Bond, and to the secretary of the Early English Text Society for permission to use passages from several publications.

In order that this volume may be of service to those who wish to study the subject further, I have appended a very incomplete list of books containing accounts of games and other pastimes, also a short list of books containing illustrations of sport.

E. L. GUILFORD.

BOOKS CONTAINING ACCOUNTS OF GAMES, ETC.

"The Sports and Pastimes of the People of England."
By Joseph Strutt ; revised by J. C. Cox. (Methuen and Co.)

Brand's "Popular Antiquities." 3 vols. Bohn's Library.

"Social Life in Britain." By G. G. Coulton. (Cambridge University Press.)

"Survey of London." By John Stow.

"Scenes and Characters of the Middle Ages." By
E. L. Cutts. (De la More Press.)

"Social History of England" in 6 vols. By Traill.
(Cassell.)

"Bibliography of Social History." By Miss Spalding ;
published by the Historical Association.

"English and Scottish Popular Ballads." Edited by
F. J. Child. (Little, Brown and Co., Boston.)

BOOKS CONTAINING ILLUSTRATIONS OF GAMES, ETC.

"The Sports and Pastimes of the People of England."
By Joseph Strutt ; revised by J. C. Cox (Methuen and Co)

“Short History of the English People.” By J. R. Green.
4 vols. (Macmillan and Co.)

“Scenes and Characters of the Middle Ages.” By
E. L. Cutts. (De la More Press.)

“British Museum Reproductions from Illuminated Manuscripts.” 3 vols.

“Shakespeare’s England.” 2 vols. (Oxford University Press.)

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SELECT EXTRACTS ILLUSTRATING SPORTS AND PASTIMES IN THE MIDDLE AGES

1. MERRY ENGLAND.

[J. H. WYLIE : *History of England under Henry IV.* This extract, though modern, is based on contemporary authorities, and the writer attempts to employ contemporary language.]

ENGLAND was then "Merry England," and sad and sober pleasure was not the people's creed. The brethren did not put in their weekly shot merely to dole groats to pittancers, or help the bedrid and brokelegged, or find poor scholars to school, or dower poor girls, or burn their soul candles round the corpse of a dead brother, or follow at his forth-bringing or 'terment. Such duties were soon relegated to chaplains, who were paid and lodged at the cost of the gild. The gildsmen lived for mirth, joy, sweetness, courtesy, and merry disports. Once every year came the Gild-day, usually on a Sunday or one of the greater feasts, when the brethren, fairly and honestly arrayed in their new hoods, gowns, and cloaks, in livery suit of murrey,¹ crimson, white, or green, would assemble at daybreak, and form up in the house or hall of their craft. In front rode the beadle or crier, in scarlet tabard or demigown. Next came the pipers, trumpers, corners, clarioners, coruenuisers, shalmusers,² and other minstrelsy, clad in verdulet,³ rayed plunket,⁴ or russet motley : and the craftsmen, mounted or afoot, moving in procession through the streets to the church where the chantry was appointed. They carried

¹ Purple-red. ² Players on a musical instrument of the oboe class.

³ Unknown.

⁴ Greyish-blue.

with them a huge wax serge,¹ sometimes weighing fifty pounds, to burn before the shrine of their saint. Then began the morn-speech, communion or speaking together, which was usually held in the church while the Mass was proceeding, where the year's accounts were squared, the gild chattels were laid on the checker, points were promulgated, defaulters announced, new members enrolled, and the Master, Skevins,² Proctors, Dean, Clerk, Summoner, and other officers elected for the coming year. Thence they returned to the hall for the general feast, otherwise known as the drink, the meat, or the mangery. The walls would be hung with hallings³ of stained worsted, and dight with birch boughs, and the floor overstrawed with mats, or a litter of sedge and rushes, that swarmed with the quick beasts that tickle men o' nights. The benches were fit with gay bankers,⁴ before tables set on trestle-trees spread with board-cloths of clean nap. On these was laid a garnish of pewter or treen,⁵ together with the masers,⁶ and silver spoons bequeathed by brethren since dead. Men and women alike brought their beaker of ale, and the poor received their share of the good things by the custom of the day. Each member was required to bring his wife or his lass, and the sick brother or sister had still to pay his score, though he might have his bottle of ale and his mess of kitchen stuff sent to his own house if he wished. If any disturbed the fellowship with brabbling or high language, the Dean delivered him the yard,⁷ or fined him in two pounds of wax, to be paid in to the light-silver. The cook was often a brother of the gild, and skilled waferers⁸ were always to be had for a price. When all had washed and wiped, the Grace-man placed them in a row with his silver

¹ Taper.

² Stewards.

³ Tapestry or painted cloth.

⁴ Coverings, generally of tapestry, for benches or chairs.

⁵ Wooden vessels.

⁶ Wooden cups or bowls.

⁷ *I.e.*, scourged him.

⁸ Confectioners.

wand, and the Clerk stood up and called "Peace," while prayers were said for England and the Church.

The feast began with good bread and brown ale. Then came the bruets,¹ joints, worts, gruel aillies and other pottage, the big meat, the lamb tarts and capon pasties, the cockentrice or double roast (*i.e.*, griskin and pullet stitched with thread, or great and small birds stewed together) and served in a silver posnet or pottinger, the charlets, chewets, collops, mammenies, mortrens, and other such toothsome entremets of meat served in gobbets and sod in ale, wine, milk, eggs, sugar, honey, marrow, spices, and verjuice made from grapes or crabs. Then came the subtleties, daintily worked like pigeons, curlews, or popinjays in sugar and paste, painted in gold and silver, with mottoes coming out of their bills; and after them the spiced cake-bread, the Frenchbread, the pastelades, doucets, dariols,² flauns, pain-puffs, rastons, and blanc-manges, with cherries, drajes, blandrells, and cheese, and a standing cup of good wine left by some former brother to drink him every year to mind.

When the cloth was up and the boards were drawn, came the merrymakers and the hoy-trolly-lolly. They laughed and cried at the jesters' bourds, or the gitener's glee; they watched the tregetaner's³ sleight, or they diced and raffled, while the sautryours⁴ and other minstrels harped, piped, gitterned, fluted, and fitheled a merry fit aloft. As they left the hall they gathered about the leapers and tumblers, or thronged the bearward and the apeward to enjoy the grins, mous, and gambols of their darlings, or formed a ring about the bearstake to see the baiting with the dogs. Or the summer afternoon would be spent in running a bull,

¹ Broth or soup.

² A medieval recipe for a dariol runs as follows: "Take creme of cowe, mylke of almandes. Do thereto aynen (eggs) with sugar, saffroun and salt. Medle it yfere (mix it thoroughly). Do it in a coffyn of two ynche depe, bake it wel, and serve it forth."

³ Juggler or conjurer.

⁴ One who played on the psaltery.

when the poor brute's skin was daubed with smear, its tail cut, and its horn sawn off, the sport being to goad it with dogs and sticks and see who could get near enough to cut a few hairs from its greased back.

But the great diversion of our forefathers was mumming. Give them but free air and an antic guise, and they would mask and mime with all the seriousness of children at play. Every mystery must have its riding, and every gild its procession. At Beverley on St. Helen's Day, the gildsmen dressed up a boy as a queen to represent the saint. One old man marched before her with a cross, and another with a spade ; the music played up, and the brethren and sistern followed the parade to church. At Candlemas, a man in woman's dress represented the Virgin Mary, and carried "what might seem" a baby in his arms, Joseph and Simeon walked behind him, and two angels carrying a heavy candlestick, with twenty-four wax lights. At York they showed the Vices and Virtues by means of the petitions in the Lord's Prayer, or they acted out the articles of the Creed, while the gildsmen in their livery rode with the players on the route. At Leicester the images of St. Martin and the Virgin were borne through the streets with music and singing, twelve of the gildsmen making up as the Apostles, each with his name stuck in his cap. At Norwich on St. George's Day, they chose their George and a man to bear his sword and be his carver ; two of the brethren bore the banner and two "the wax," and the rest rode with them in their livery round the town. The Norwich peltiers (skinners) dressed up "a knave-child innocent," with a large candle in his hand, and led him through the city to the minster "betwyxen two good men," in memory of St. William, the boy martyr, to foster hatred against the Jews. At Canterbury every 6th of July, at the city march, a cart was drawn about the streets, showing a boy vested as "Bishop Becket" struck down before an altar by four

other children, who played the knights ; and as the martyr fell beneath their blows, real blood was spurted on his forehead from a leather bag, which was carried in reserve for use at a given signal. At Cambridge, the scholars of Michaelhouse¹ played a comedy in masks, beards, and embroidered cloaks. In London, the brethren of the fraternity of SS. Fabian and Sebastian carried "the Branch" springing from the root of Jesse, dressed out with lighted candles, to the Church of St. Botolph, Aldersgate. On St. Nicholas' Eve (December 5th), the chorister boys of every cathedral, and probably in every collegiate and parish church where singing boys were found, elected one of their number to be their "Barne-Bishop," or "St. Nicholas Bishop," and to rule the services of the church, in mitre, ring, gloves, cope, surplice, rochet, and full pontificals. He rode or strutted about the streets with his crozier borne before him, blessing the crowd, and collecting their pennies in a glove, with his canons, chaplains, clerks, vergers and candlebearers, till Childermas.

Each season brought its ales, its mayings-round-the-shaft, its Piffany mummings, its Candlemas, Hocktide,² and Yule ; but Corpus Christi was the feast of feasts, when the gildsmen carried torches, candles, and banners around the Blessed Sacrament as it passed through the streets, and all the town turned out at sunrise to watch the annual play.

2. AMUSEMENTS.

[HERRICK'S *Hesperides*. This poem was published in 1648, and though really too late for inclusion here, yet on its merits is given a place.]

Of Christmas sports, the Wassell Boule,
That tost up, after Fox-i'-th'-Hole ;
Of Blind-man-buffe, and of the care
That young men have to shooe the mare :

¹ A college founded in Edward II.'s reign, and amalgamated with Trinity College at an early date.

² A festival celebrated on the Tuesday fortnight after Easter.

Of ash-heapes, in the which ye use
Husbands and wives by streakes to chuse,
Of crackling laurell, which fore-sounds
A plentious harvest to your grounds.

For sports, for pagentrie, and playes,
Thou hast thy eves and holidayes:
Thy wakes, thy quintels,¹ here thou hast,
Thy May-poles, too, with garlands grac't :
Thy morris-dance ; thy Whitsun ale ;
Thy shearing feast, which never faile.
Thy Harvest Home ; thy Wassaille Bowle,
That's tost up after Fox-i'-th'-Hole ;
Thy mummeries : thy twelfe-tide kings
And queens ; thy Christmas revellings.

3. AMUSEMENTS FOR ALL THE YEAR.

[Fifteenth-century MS. quoted in *Sir Richard Whittington* by
BESANT and RICE.]

At Yule we wonten gambol, dance, to carol and to sing,
To have good spiced sewe² and roast and plum-pie for a
king ;
At Easter-eve pain-puffes ; Gangtide³ Gates did holy
messes bring ;
At Pasque⁴ began our Morris, and ere Pentecost our May,
Though Robin Hood, lyle John, Friar Tuck and Marian
deftly play,
And Lord and Lady gang til kirk with lads and lasses gay :
Fra mass and e'ensong so good cheer and glee on every
green,
As save our walles, 'twixt Eames and Sibbes,⁵ like game
was neere seen.

¹ N.E.D. says quintain.

² Ale ? ³ Rogationtide, just before Ascension Day.

⁴ Easter.

⁵ Friends and relations ; the literal meaning of Eames is uncles.

At Baptist¹ Day, with ale and cakes, 'mid bonfires neighbours stood ;
At Martinmas we turned a crab, then told of Robin Hood,
Till after long time merk, when blest were windows, doors,
and lights,
And pails were filled and hearths were swept 'gainst fairy
elves and sprites ;
Rock and Plough Monday games shall gang with Saint
feasts and kirk sights.²

4. ROMANCES.

[Preface to anonymous translation of *Colonna*, a MS. of the fifteenth century in the Bodleian Library. Thornton Romances, Camden Society. This extract gives a list of those heroes whose deeds provided materials for the minstrels.]

Many spoken of men that romaunces rede,
That were sum tyme doughti in dede,
The while the God hem lyff lente,
That now ben dede, and hennes wente,
Off Bevis, Gy, and of Gauwayn,
Off King Richard and of Owayn,
Off Tristam and of Percyvale,
Off Rouland Ris, and Aglavale,
Off Archeroun and of Octavian,
Of Charles and of Cassibaldan,
Off Havelok, Horne and of Wade,
In romaunces that of hem ben made,
That gestoures often dos of hem gestes,
At mangeres³ and at grete festes.

¹ June 24, Midsummer Day.

² From internal evidence it seems that this poem is either very much altered in modernisation or is not as early as the fifteenth century.

³ Cp. Fr. *manger*, to eat.

5. MUMMERS.

[*Sorrelsykes*,¹ by HAROLD ARMITAGE, pp. 26-34.]

Their play is old, and it is known by the curious title of "The Peace Egg." Antiquaries from time to time endeavour to secure versions of this ancient play by recovering from those who have taken part in it all the lines that they can remember. The texts vary in different counties, and in different parts of the same county, though they seem to have had a common source. The version adopted at Sorrelsykes for so many years that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary is the following curious medley :

THE PEACE² EGG.

ACT I.

Enter ACTORS.

Fool : Room, room, brave gallants, give us room to sport,
For to this room we wish now to resort,
Resort, and to repeat to you our merry rhyme,
For remember, good sirs, this is Christmas time.
The time to cut up goose-pies now doth appear,
So we are come to act a little of our merry Christmas here,
At the sound of the trumpet, and the beat of the drum,
Make room, brave gentlemen, and let our actors come.
We are the merry actors that traverse the street,
We are the merry actors that fight for our meat ;
We are the merry actors that show pleasant play,
Step in, St. George, thou champion, and clear the way.

Enter ST. GEORGE.

St. George ; I am St. George, who from old England
sprung
My famous name throughout the world hath rung,

¹This village appears to be in Yorkshire.
I.e., Pasque or Easter.

Many bloody deeds and wonders have I made known,
And made false tyrants tremble on their throne.
I followed a fair lady to a giant's gate,
Confined in dungeon deep to meet her fate ;
Then I resolved with true knight-errantry,
To burst the door, and set the prisoner free.
When lo ! a giant almost struck me dead,
But by my valour I cut off his head.—
I've searched the world all round and round,
But a man to equal me I've never found.

Enter SLASHER, to ST. GEORGE.

Slasher : I am a valiant soldier, and Slasher is my name,
With sword and buckler by my side, I hope to win more
fame ;

And for to fight with me I see thou art not able,
So with my trusty broadsword I soon will thee disable.

St. George : Disable, disable ; it lies not in thy power,
For with my glittering sword and spear I soon will thee
devour,

So stand off, Slasher ; let no more be said,
For if I draw my sword, I'm sure to break thy head.

Slasher : How canst thou break my head ?
Since it is made of iron,
And my body's made of steel,
My hands and feet of knuckle bone,
I challenge thee to field.

(They fight, and SLASHER is wounded.)

[Exit ST. GEORGE.]

Enter FOOL, to SLASHER.

Fool : Alas ! Alas ! my chiefest son is slain,
What must I do to raise him up again ?
Here he lies in the presence of you all :
I'll lovingly for a doctor call.

(Aloud) A doctor ! a doctor ! ten pounds for a doctor.
I'll go and fetch a doctor. *(Going)*

Enter DOCTOR.

Doctor : Here am I.

Fool : Are you the doctor ?

Doctor : Yes ; that you may plainly see, by my art and activity.

Fool : Well, what's your fee to cure this man ?

Doctor : Ten pounds is my fee ; but, Jack, if thou be an honest man, I'll only take five of thee.

Fool : You'll be wondrous cunning if you get any (*Aside*)—Well, how far have you travelled in doctrineship ?

Doctor : From Italy, Titaly, High Germany, France, and Spain,

And now am returned to cure the diseases in old England again.

Fool : So far, and no farther ?

Doctor : Oh, yes ! a great deal farther.

Fool : How far ?

Doctor : From the fireside, cupboard, upstairs, and into bed.

Fool : What diseases can you cure ?

Doctor : All sorts.

Fool : What's all sorts ?

Doctor : The itch, the pitch, the palsy, and the gout. If a man gets nineteen devils in his skull, I'll cast twenty of them out. I have in my pocket crutches for lame ducks, spectacles for blind bumble-bees, packsaddles and panniers for grasshoppers, and plasters for broken-backed mice. I cured Sir Harry of a hang-nail almost fifty-five yards long, surely I can cure this poor man — Here, Jack ; take a little out of my bottle, and let it run down thy throttle ; if thou be not quite slain, rise, Jack, and fight again.

(*SLASHER rises.*)

Slasher : O my back !

Fool : What's amiss with thy back ?

Slasher : My back is wounded.

And my heart is confounded,

To be struck out of seven senses into four-score,
The like was never seen in old England before.

Enter ST. GEORGE.

O hark, St. George, I hear the silver trumpet sound,
That summons us from off this bloody ground,
Down yonder is the way (*pointing*).
Farewell, St. George, we can no longer stay.

Fool : Yes, Slasher, thou hadst better go ;
Else next time he'll pierce thee through.

[*Exit* SLASHER, DOCTOR, and FOOL.]

ACT II.

St. George : I am St. George, that noble champion bold,
And with my trusty sword I won ten thousand pounds in
gold :

'Twas I that fought the fiery dragon, and brought him to
the slaughter,
And by those means I won the King of Egypt's daughter.

Enter PRINCE OF PARADINE.

Prince : I am Black Prince of Paradine, born of high
renown.

Soon will I fetch thy lofty courage down ;
Before, St. George, thou departest from me,
Thou shalt die to all eternity.

St. George : Stand off, thou black Morocco dog,
Or by my soul thou'lt die,
I'll pierce thy body full of holes,
And make thy buttons fly.

Prince : Draw out thy sword and slay,
Pull out thy purse and pay,
For I will have a recompense,
Before I go away.

St. George : Now, Prince of Paradine, where have you been,
And what fine sights pray have you seen ;

Dost think that no man of my age,
Dares such a black as thee engage?
Lay down thy sword, take up to me a spear,
And then I'll fight thee without dread or fear.

(They fight, and the PRINCE OF PARADINE is slain.)

St. George : Now Prince of Paradine is dead,
And all his joys entirely fled,
Take him and give him to the flies,
That he may never more come near my eyes.

Enter KING OF EGYPT.

King : I am the King of Egypt, as plainly may appear,
I'm come to seek my son, my son and only heir.

St. George : He is slain !

King : Slain ! Who did him slay, who did him kill,
And on the ground his precious blood did spill ?

St. George : I did him slay, I did him kill,
And on the ground his precious blood did spill.
Please you, my liege, my honour to maintain,
Had you been there you might have fared the same.

King : Cursed Christian ! What is this thou'st done ?
Thou hast ruined me, and slain my only son.

St. George : He gave me challenge, why should I it deny ?
How high he was, but see how low he lies.

King : O Hector ! Hector ! help me with speed,
For in my life I never stood more in need.

Enter HECTOR.

King : Stand not there, Hector, with sword in hand,
But fight and kill at my command.

Hector : Yes, yes, my liege, I will obey,
And by my sword I hope to win the day ;
If that be he who doth stand there,
That slew my master's son and heir,
If he be sprung from royal blood,
I'll make it run like Noah's flood.

St. George : Hold, Hector ! do not be so hot,
For here thou knowest not who thou'st got,
For I can tame thee of thy pride,
And lay thine anger, too, aside ;
Inch thee, and cut thee as small as flies,
And send thee over the sea to make mince pies,
Mince pies hot, mince pies cold,
I'll send thee to Black Sam before thou art three days old.

Hector : How can'st thou tame me of my pride,
And lay mine anger, too, aside ;
Inch me, and cut me as small as flies,
Send me over the sea to make mince pies,
Mince pies hot, mince pies cold,
How canst thou send me to the Black Sam before I'm
three days old ?
Since my head is made of iron,
My body's made of steel,
My hands and feet of knuckle bone,
I challenge thee to field.

(They fight and HECTOR is wounded.)

I am a valiant knight, and Hector is my name,
Many bloody battles have I fought, and always won the
same.

But from St. George I received this bloody wound.

(A trumpet sounds.)

Hark ! Hark ! I hear the silver trumpet sound,
Down yonder is the way *(pointing)*.

Farewell, St. George, I can no longer stay. *[Exit.]*

Enter FOOL, to ST. GEORGE.

St. George : Here comes from post, Old Bold Ben.

Fool : Why, master, did ever I take you to be my
friend ?

St. George : Why, Jack, did I ever do thee any harm ?

Fool : Thou proud saucy, coxcomb, begone !

St. George : A coxcomb ! I defy that name ;
With a sword thou ought to be stabbed for the same.

Fool : To be stabbed is the least I fear,
Appoint your time and place, I'll meet you there.

St. George : I'll cross the water at the hour of five,
And meet you there, sir, if I be alive. [Exit.

Enter BEELZEBUB.

Beelzebub : Here come I, Beelzebub,
And over my shoulder I carry my club,
And in my hand a dripping pan,
And I think myself a jolly old man.
And if you don't believe what I've got to say
Enter in Devil Doubt, and clear the way.

Enter DEVIL DOUBT.

Devil Doubt : Here come I, little Devil Doubt,
If you don't give me money, I'll sweep you all out.
Money I want, and money I crave ;
If you don't give me money
I'll sweep you all to the grave.

THE END.

6. FEAST OF ST. NICHOLAS.

[*Diary of Henry Machyn*. Camden Society, 1848, p. 121. Henry Machyn was what we should call to-day an undertaker, and his diary, which covers a period of thirteen years (1550-1563), is of great historical value as furnishing us with the comments of an average Londoner on the events of a great and critical age. His spelling is quaint but of considerable philological value, for it almost certainly attempts to be phonetic. His interest in the amusements of his age renders him of great use to us, and the extracts here quoted are but a tithe of those on similar subjects detailed in his diary.]

1556. The v day of Desember was Sant Necolas evyn,
and Sant Necolas whentt a-brod in most partt in London
syngyng after the old fassyon, and was reseyyvyd with
mony good pepulle in-to ther howses, and had myche good
chere as ever they had, in mony plasses.

7. SEEKERS AFTER NEW PLEASURES.

[*England in the Reign of King Henry the Eighth*, by THOMAS STARKEY, E.E.T.S. P. 80, *The Dialogue*.]

Ther ys a nother dysease, Master Lupset, also, wych ys not much les grenus then thys, wych restyth in them whom I callyd yl occupyd. I mean not thos wych be occupyd in vyce, for of that sorte chiefely be they wych I notyd to be idul before. But al such I cal yl occupyd wych besy themselfe in makyng and procuring thyngys for the vayne pastyme and pleasure of other, as al such dow wych occupye themselfe in the new deuysys of gardying and jaggyng of mennys apparayle, wyth al thyng perteyning therto: and al such wych make and procure manyfold and dyuerse new kyndys of metys and drynkys, and euer be occupyd in curyouse deuysel of new fangulyd thyngys concernyng the vayn plesure only of the body. Wyth al such as be callyd syngyng men, curyouse descanterys and deuysarys of new songys, wych tend only to vanyte; and al such marchantys wych cary out thyngys necessary to the vse of our pepul and bryng in agayn vayn tryfullys and conceytys, only for the folyesch pastyme and plesure of man. Al such, I say, and of thys sort many other, I note as personys yl occupyd, and to the commyn wele vnprofytabul.

8. THE MUSICAL CHARACTER OF THE ENGLISH.

[HENTZNER'S *Itinerary*, pp. 88, 89. Paul Hentzner was a German, who in 1598 wrote a book known as his *Itinerary*, or "Journey into England." It was translated by Horace Walpole.]

The English are vastly fond of great noises that fill the ear, such as the firing of cannon, beating of drums, and the ringing of bells; so that it is common for a number of men that have got a glass in their heads to get up into some belfry and ring the bells for hours together for the sake of exercise.

9. MINSTRELSY.

[JOHN LIDGATE. This extract gives us a list of the musical instruments in use in the Middle Ages, as well as the forms taken by minstrelsy.]

Al maner Mynstraleye,
 That any man kan specifye,
 Ffor there were Rotys ¹ of Almayne,
 And eke of Arragon and Spayne :
 Songes, Stampes, and eke Daunces ;
 Divers plente of plesaunces :
 And many unkouth notys new
 Of swiche folke as lovid treue.
 And instrumentys that did excelle,
 Many moo than I kan telle.
 Harpys, Fythales, and eke Rotys
 Well according to her notys,
 Lutys, Ribibles, and Geternes,
 More for estatys, than tavernes :
 Orgayns, Cytolis, Monacordys.
 There were Trumpes, and Trumpettes,
 Lowde Shallmys, and Doucettes.

10. A MINSTREL.

[*Piers the Plowman*, by LANGLAND.]

I am mynstrell, quoth that man ; my name is Activa Vita :
 All Idle iche hate, for all Active is my name ;
 A wafirer² well ye wyt ; and serve many lordes,
 And few robes I get, or faire furred gownes.
 Could I lye, to do men laugh ; then lacken³ I should
 Nother mantill, nor money, among lords minstrels :
 And, for I can neither taber, ne trumpe, ne tell no gestes,
 Fartin ne fipelen,⁴ at feastes, ne harpen ;

¹ Musical instruments, probably of the violin class.

² Confectioner.

³ Lack or want.

⁴ Play the fiddle.

Jape, ne juggle, ne gentilly pype,
Ne neither saylen ne saute,¹ ne singe to the gytterne,
I have no good giftes to please the great lordes.

11. MINSTRELS.

[*Household Book of the Earl of Northumberland*, A.D. 1512.]

Rewardes to his lordship's servaunts, etc.

Item. My lord usith and accustomith to gyf yerly, when his lordschipp is at home, to his Minstrallis that be daily in his household, as his Tabret, Lute, ande Rebeke, upon New Yeresday in the mornynge when they do play at my lordis chamber dour for his Lordschip and my Lady xxs.; and for playing at my Lordis Sone and Heire's chamber doure, the lord Percy iis. And for playinge at the chamber doures of my lordes Younger Sonnes, my yonge masters, after viiid. the pece for every of them—xxiiis. iiiid.

Rewards to be geven to strangers, as Players, Mynstralls, or any other, etc.

Furst, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gif to the King's Jugler; . . . when they custome to come unto him yerly vis. viiid.

Item, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gif yerly to the Kings or Queenes Bearwarde, if they have one, when they custom to come unto him yerly vis. viiid.

Item, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gyfe yerly to every Erles Minstrellis, when they custome to come to him yerely iiis. iiiid. And if they come to my lorde seldome, one in ii or iii yeres, than vis. viiid.

Item, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gyf yerely a Dookes or Erlis Trumpetts, if they come vi together to his lordschipp, viz., if they come yerly, vis. viiid. And if they come but in ii or iii yeres, than xs.

Item, my lord usith and accustomyth to gife yerly, when his lordschip is at home, to gyf to the Kyngs Shawmes, when they com to my lorde yerely, xs.

¹ Dance or jump.

12. HARPERS.

[ROBERT DE BRUNNE, *Handlyng Synne*. Robert Mannyng, of Brunne, or Bourne, in Lincolnshire, was the most skilful storyteller of his time, and between 1303 and 1338 he translated from the French two poems. One is called *Handlyng Synne* and the other is a chronicle by Peter of Langtoft, a canon of Bridlington.]

I shall you telle as I have herde
 Of the bysshope seynt Roberde,
 His to-name¹ is Grosteste,
 Of Lynkolne, so seyth the geste.
 He lovede moche to here the Harpe,
 For mannes wytte it makyth sharpe.
 Next his chaumbre, besyde his study,
 Hys Harper's chaumbre was fast therby.
 Many tymes, by nightes and dayes,
 He hadd solace of notes and layes.
 One askede hem the resun why
 He hadde delyte in Mynstrely:
 He answerde him on thys manere
 Why he helde the Harpe so dere.
 "The vertu of the Harpe, thurgh skylle and ryght,
 Will destrye the fendys² might;
 And to the Cros by gode skeyl
 Ys the Harpe lykened weyl.
 Tharefore, gode men, ye shall lere³
 Whan ye any Gleman here,
 To wurschep God at your powere,
 As Davyd seyth in the Sautere.
 In harpe and tabour and symphan⁴ gle,
 Wurschep God; in trumps and sautre.
 In cordes,⁵ in organes, and bells ringyng.
 In all these wurschep the hevene-Kyng."

¹ Surname.² Fiend's might.³ Learn.⁴ The symphan was a musical instrument.⁵ Stringed instruments.

13. MORRIS-DANCING.

[STUBBE'S *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1583. Furnivall's reprint, i., pp. 147-8. Morris-dancing was one of the most popular pastimes of the Middle Ages, but it appears to have been discontinued for a long time, and has only revived during the present generation.]

First, all the wilde-heds of the Parish, conuenting together, chuse them a Graund-Captain (of all mischeefe) whome they innoble with the title of "my Lord of Mis-rule," and him they crowne with great solemnitie, and adopt for their King. This King anointed chuseth forth twentie, fortie, three-score or a hundred lustie Guttes, like to himself, to waighte uppon his lordly Maiestie, and to garde his noble person. Then, euerie one of these his men, he inuesteth with his liueries of green, yellow or some other light wanton colour; and as though that were not gaudie enough, I should say, they bedecke them selves with scarfs, ribons and laces hanged all ouer with golde rings, precious stones, and other iewels: this doon they tye about either leg xx or xl bels, with rich handkercheifs in their hands, and sometimes laid a crosse over their shoulders and necks, borrowed for the most parte of their pretie Mopsies and loouing Besses, for bussing¹ them in the dark. Thus all things set in order, then haue they their Hobby-horses, dragons and other Antiques, together with their baudie Pipers and thundering Drummers to strike vp the deuils daunce withall. Then, marche these heathen company towards the Church and Church-yard, their pipers pipeing, their drummers thundring, their stumps dauncing, their bels iynghing, their hankercheifs swinging about their heds like madmen, their hobbie horses and other monsters skirmishing amongst the route: and in this sorte they go the church (I say) and into the Church, (though the minister be at praier or preaching), dancing and swinging their hankercheifs over their heds in the Church, like deuils incarnate, with such a confuse noise, that no man can hear his own voice. Then, the foolish people, they looke, they

¹ Kissing.

stare, they laugh, they fleer,¹ and mount vpon fourmes and pewes to see these goodly pageants solemnised in this sort. Then, after this, about the Church they goe againe and againe, and so foorth into the church-yard, where they have commonly their Sommer-haules, their bowers, arbors, and banqueting houses set vp, wherin they feast, banquet and daunce al that day and (peraduenture) all the night too. And thus these terrestriall furies spend the Sabaoth day.

They haue also certain papers, wherin is painted some babblerie or other of Imagery woork, and these they call "my Lord of mis-rule's badges": these they giue to everyone that wil give money for them to maintaine them in their hethenrie, diuelrie, drunkennes, pride and what not. And who will not be buxom² to them, and give them money for these their deuilish cognizances, they are mocked and flouted at not a little. And so assoted are some, that they not only giue them monie to maintain their abomination withall, but also weare their badges and cognizances in their hats or caps openly.

14. DANCING.

[THOMAS HEYWOOD: *A Woman Kilde with Kindnesse*, I. ii., 1607.

Dancing has always been a favourite amusement for every age, and the number and variety of dances is legion. Some were acrobatic in nature--as the rope dance; others were solo dances, or dances for two. The dances mentioned below appear to be "round" dances.]

Jack Slime: Come, what shall it be? "Roger?"

Jenkin: Roger! No; we will dance "The Beginning of the World."

Cicely: I love no dance so well as "John, come kiss me now."

Nick: I that have ere now deserv'd a cushion, call for the Cushion dance.

R. Brick: For my part, I like nothing so well as "Tom Tyler."

¹ Make faces.

² Jolly.

Jen : No, we'll have "The Hunting of the Fox."

Jack Slime : "The Hay!" "The Hay!" There's nothing like "The Hay."

Jen : Let me speak for all, and we'll have "Sellinger's Round."

15. A MEDIEVAL ATHLETE.

[ALEXANDER BARCLAY : *Eclogues*, published 1508.]

I can dance the raye ; I can both pipe and sing,
 If I were mery ; I can both hurle and sling ;
 I ruune, I wrestle, I can well throwe the barre ;
 No shepherd throweth the axeltree so farre :
 If I were mery, I could well leape and spring ;
 I were a man mete to serve a prince or king.

16. HUNTING.

[*Diary of Henry Machyn*. Camden Society, p. 292.]

1562. The xvij day of September my lord mare and my masters the althermen, and mony worshephull men, and dyvers of the masturs and wardens of the xij compenys, red^d [to the] condutth¹ hedes for to se them, after the old coustum ; and a-[fore] dener they hundyd the hare and kyllyd, and so to dener to the hed of the condyth, for ther was a nombur, and had good chere of the chambur-layn ; and after dener to hontyng of the fox, and ther was a goodly cry for a mylle, and after the hondys kyllyd the fox at the end of sant Gylles, and theyr was a grett cry at the deth, and blohyng of hornes ; and so rod through London, my lord mare Harper with all ys compene home to ys owne plase in Lumberd strett.

17. HUNTERS AND HAWKERS.

[*The Coventry Leet Book*. Part III., p. 690. E.E.T.S.]

Wher-as in tyme past dyuers and meny of the Inhabitantes within this Citie disposed to Idlenes not hauyng

¹ Conduit.

xls. of freholde by yeire inordinatlie haue vsed to hawke and to hunt, kepyng haukes, greyhoundes and houndes, spanielles, ferettes, hey¹es, Targes, and other engennes, wherby all maner of fowles and beastes of waren and of chace be excessyuelie taken and distroyed, not feryng the penalties of dyuers and meny good estatutes maid by auctorite of parliament for the punyshement of the same, wherby moche idlenes and pouertie is greatelie encreassed within this Citie. It is therfor establisshed that no persone inhabited within this Citie ner the libertiez of the same frome hensfurth do presume to keep eny haukes, greyhoundes, or houndes, ferettes, hayes, Targes, or eny other engennes, ner do presume to hunt or to hauke with the same, oneles they may dispend xls. of frehold by yeire, vpon the payne to rone² in suche penalties as be expressed in the seid estatutes and that to pay for euery tyme so offendyng vjs. viijd. to be levied by the shireffes, the on half to ther owne vse and the other half to the Comen box of the Citie.

18. HUNTING.

[*The Boke of Saint Albans*, by Dame JULIANA BERNERS, 1486. The authorship of this extract is ascribed, on no authority at all, to a woman. Dame Juliana Berners appears to have been the Mrs. Harris of the Middle Ages.]

Bestys of venery.

Fowre maner beestys of venery there are
The first of theym is the hert the secunde is the hare
The boore is oon of tho the wolff and not oon moo.

Bestys of the Chace.

And where that ye cum in playne or in place
I shall yow tell which be beestys of enchace
Oon of theym is the Bucke a nother is the Doo
The Fox and the Martron and the Wilde Roo

¹ Net used for catching wild animals, especially rabbits.

² Run.

And ye shall my dere chylde other beestys all
Where so ye hem fynde Rascall ye shall hem call
In fryth or in fell or in forest I yow tell.

An Heerde. A Beve. A Sounder. A Route.

My chylde callith herdys of hert and of hynde
And of Bucke and of doo where yo hem fynde
And a Beue of Roos what place thay be in
And a Sounder ye shall of the wylde swyne
And a Rowte of Wolues where thay passin innue
So shall ye hem call as many as thay bene.

Merke well theys sesonys folowyng.

Tyme of grece begynnyth at mydsomer day
And tyll holi Roode day lastyth as I you say
The seson of the fox fro the Natiuyte
Tyll the annunciacion of owre lady fre
Seson of the Robucke at Ester shall begynne
And till mychelmas lastith nygh or she blygne¹
The Seson of the Roo begynnyth at Michelmas
And hit shall endure and last untill Candilmas
At Michelmas begynnyth huntynge of the hare
And lastith all mydsomer ther nyll no man hit spare
The seson of the Wolfe is in iche cuntre
At the seson of the fox and euermore shall be
The seson of the boore is from the Natiuyte
Till the purification of owre lady so fre
For at the Natiuyte of owre lady swete
He may fynde where he goth under his feete
Booth in wodys and feldis corne and oder frute
When he after foode makyth any sute
Crabbys and acornys and nottie² ther thay grow
Hawys and hreppes³ and other thyng ynow
That till the purification lastys as ye se
And makyth the Boore in seson to be
For while that frute may last his time is neuer past.

¹ Cease.

² Nuts.

³ Hips.

The propreteis of a goode Grehound.

A Grehounde shulde be heded like a Snake, and necked like a Drake. Foted like a Kat. Tayled like a Rat. Syded lyke a Teme.¹ Chyned like a Beme.¹

The first yere he most lerne to fede. The secund yere to felde hym lede. The iij yere he is felow lyke. The iiij yere ther is noon sike. The v yere he is good Inough. The vj yere he shall holde the plough. The vij yere he will avayle grete bikkys for to assayle. The viij yere likladill.² The ix yere cartsadyll. And when he is com-myn to that yere haue hym to the tanner. For the beest hownde that euer bikke hade at ix yere he is full badde.

19. HUNTING THE FOX.

[*Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight*. Modern English version, by KENNETH HARE. Published by the Shakespeare Head Press, Stratford-upon-Avon. 1918. Book III. This is the earliest mention of fox-hunting in English literature. A modern version has been preferred to the original, owing to the difficulty in language of the latter (14th century).]

The Mass is sung to end, the pages wait
The guests' arrival and upon them pressed
The sops in goblets, while to the main gate
The serving-men bring coursers of the best,
For all that troop is to the hunting dressed ;
Brisk is the earth with frost on stock and stone,
And the great steeds impatient of arrest,
And as with joy departed is each one,
Out of his cloud-rack ruddy rose the mighty sun.

When they had ridden to the greenwood side
The hounds of their long leashes free they cast.
A traverse way athwart the wood they ride,
And through the horns they blow a rousing blast.
A little hound that by a thorn bush passed

¹ The meaning of these two words is obscure.

² *I.e.*, he stays at home near the kitchen.

Shrilly gives tongue, his fellows answer back,
The huntsmen cheer, the rabble fall in fast,
Hounds swift and lithe follow the fox's track
As forth by many a difficult grove he leads the pack.

He swerves, he backs, he doubles, oft he crept
Beneath some sharp hedge, marking far away
How fast drew on the hunt, then quick he leapt
Over a spinney, leading them astray,
And scaped the forest, and had won the day
But that a beater's hut was stationed there,
Wherefrom three fierce ones ran at him all grey.
So to the woods again poor wretch in care,
With all the woe in life and courage of despair.

Then was it very bliss to hear the hounds
When all the pack had view of him together,—
Such outcry for his head, as from their bounds
The clambering cliffs had clattered altogether,
No gambler on his life would stake a feather,—
Full loud they hulloaed when they came at him
And, "thief! thief!" cried, and in the greenwood tether,
Those tattlers at his tail with eyen grim
Hem him lest out again he dart from forest dim.

By hollow, by hill, he leads them, over, under,
He muddied well that stout lord and his train,
He twists, he twines, lest he be torn asunder,
And far he flies and sly creeps back again.

* * * * *
Through fields abroad full fast the huntsmen ride
And through a thicket dash; the fox runs there beside.
They met him coming through a full rough grove
With all the rabble right upon his heel.
With whip and spur forward that lord doth shove.
Draws from his scabbard his brand, about doth wheel,
Brandished and flung it, stark doth Reynard reel,

Scaped it, and thought to start back through the crowd,
 But fleeter is a hound his death to deal,
 All at the horses' feet, thick as a cloud,
 They worry one this cunning fellow snarling loud.

Nimbly adown to earth doth that lord light,
 And caught and overhead bore high his prey,
 Thither the nearer huntsmen speed aright,
 To mark the brave hounds all aloud that bay,
 Faint the recheat¹ is sounded far away
 Till gathered is that company all whole
 Whose loud halloaing closes up the day,
 While all that ever bore bugle blows his dole,²
 So merry do they raise the Mass for Reynard's soul.

20. HUNTING THE WILD BOAR.

[*Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight*. Modern English version by
 KENNETH HARE. Published by the Shakespeare Head Press,
 Stratford upon-Avon. 1918. Book III.]

Thrice doth the cock his matin bugle blow
 Ere that lord leaps from bed to quit the place.
 Mass over and the meat, away they go
 A little ere day sprang, dressed to the chase,
 They pass by the high towers the open space
 With mickle blowing of the merry horn.
 The hounds that through the woods must run their race,
 Mighty and fleet, beneath a bush of thorn
 They loose where a great crag shoots up beside the bourne.
 The hunt cheer loudly, and the brawling pack,
 Forty at once, unto the trail fall straight.
 Crag, valley, dale and hill give answer back.
 Hounds bay, horns blare, rocks ring, that beast to bate.
 There stood, from the steep height fall'n sheer of late,
 A mound grown wild with rank copse round about.
 Well know the keepers who there lies in wait,

¹ The calling together of the hounds at the close of the hunt.

² The word in the original is "rurd," which means noise.

And while they beat the bushes, all that rout,
Those with the bloodhounds swear that they will have him
out.

Then out he rushed, there is no more to say,
And flung three men to ground, and forth is gone,—
A fell wild-boar that, gone is many a day,
Had quit the others to harbour there alone,
—A beast unblithely met by stock or stone,—
They sound recheat¹ and after drive pell-mell,
But where he turned there's many a man may groan,
Thrown to the earth, yet they entreat him well,
Riders, horses, and hounds full brave that beast to quell.

Ofttimes he makes a stand with vicious eyes,
Then the wood quakes to hear the hunters' "Hay!"
But piteous are to hear the bloodhounds' cries
Torn by wight so savage and at bay,—
Yet when the bowmen draw he dares not stay,
—Though all their strength of arm cuts not his hide,
Which is so rough it sends to splinters grey
Whatever strikes it,—yet he starts aside,
And wounds both horse and hound and many a man beside,

For when he felt the shrewd and bitter stroke,
He waxed all mad for battle and debate,
Forth from his jaws the yellow torrent broke.
Then many ran from him that chased him late.
The lord on his light horse but laughed thereat,
And lances after and doth his bugle blow
Right through the brushwood where the beast doth bate,
The others follow sith the one doth go,
And chide their fierce wild swine until the sun is low.
The lord this while is faren over land,
To drive his swine with bloodhounds by the brae,

¹ The calling together of the hounds before resuming the hunt.

Who cruel bites their backs at every stand
Till low in dirt and trodden mire they lay.
Then come the bowmen driving him away,
Spite of his teeth with yellow arrows flying.
Then he takes water, and to bide his bay,
Swims to the mid-stream where a crag is lying,
And gains his den forspent, the echo round him dying.
He sets his back unto the hollow stone
And scrapes the flints and hideous clamour makes.
He sets aloft his bristles up each one,
While from his jaw the foam in fury breaks
Which the wind catching, tosses thence in flakes.
He whets his tusks, fit monster for a dream,
And all men hold them far for their lives' sakes,—
The lord that God nor devil did esteem
Alone leaps from his horse and wades into the stream.
The silence falls on those beside the brook
Who tremble for his life, watching afar,
They count the moments and dare scarcely look
Upon the water, a diminishing bar.
His flourished brand they saw bright as a star,—
Then the boar sprang and water o'er them spread,
But he had marked him nobly at that jar,
And through the belly drove it to the head,
The boar went swiftly down the water so well he sped.
Hounds bayed, men shouted and the horns blew clear—
Then an old huntsman, learned of long date,
Draws from his belt a sharp knife and a sheer,
And rips one up this fellow, dead by fate,
And all this matter shortly to relate,
They lash the feet to a stout pole and strong,
But the huge head with pomp and mickle state
They mount in triumph to be borne along,—
Then with no small content they quit the wood with song.

21. HUNTING THE WILD DEER.

[*Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight*. Modern English version, by KENNETH HARE. Published by the Shakespeare Head Press, Stratford-upon-Avon. 1918. Book III.]

The serving-men set tackle in accord,
And truss the mails and see the girths are tight ;
And not the last uprose that castle's lord,
Away to the field ere ever it was light.
They ate a sop so quickly as they might,
Unhasped the kennel doors and called agood.
Out come the sleepy hounds with tails upright
Which huntsmen coupled, right as they well could,
And so with bugle-blast away to the gay green wood.

There were an hundred huntsmen, I heard tell,
That rode unto the chasing of that day.
Thrice do the bugles blare, and fierce and fell,
And all aloud the mighty hounds 'gan bay.
Up to the heights the beaters take their way
To hiding-huts ; the deer that mark the quest
Made all for the heights, but fruitless their essay
For those the beaters fiercely back repressed,—
Then shouting rings and echo glad in gay for-est'.
They gave the harts their way, and let unchid
The bucks bear thence their branching antlers wide,
For 'twas their close-time and that lord forbid
To speed one shaft where trod the males with pride ;
But for the does they drove them from that side
With, " Hay there ! Back there ! " from the mountain's brow
To where through airy ways the arrows slide
Sped by the bowmen, who are loosing now
A shaft at every deer that darts beneath the bough.
What ! but they bleed and die and shriek and wallow,
Struck by the barbs full broad in every place,
And hurtling in pursuit the fleet hounds follow,
While with high horns the hunt comes on apace,—

The cry goes up of huntsmen and the chase,
 A cry and clang as though the cliff should burst !
 While at the beaters' hut, in little space,
 And stream and mountain as was plotted erst,
 They strike the few that 'scaped the bowmen at the first.

So learned were the lads that held the vale,
 So quick the greyhounds running all so light,
 So many deer they left to lie i' th' dale
 Wherever eye might glance they met the sight.
 That lord, who sees his quarry nothing slight,
 Cries with pure joy that might not be withstood
 "Abloy !¹ Abloy !" and drives the day to night,
 With horses trampling and with blasts full good,
 Ever away in bliss by merry lindenwood.

* * * * *

And still by wooded heath and hillock brown,
 Plying his craft, that lord wherever he came
 Enwrought such havoc, they raised to his renown
 A pile to wonder at before the sun went down,
 Of does and barren hinds and such-like deer.
 Then fiercely flocked that folk in at the last,
 And of the quelled a quarry made them there
 Whereto the best men hied them and full fast,
 And first, the fattest upon one pile cast,
 In act to undo them, them they overhaul,
 And at the assay they searched them, some that past,
 And did aloud unto their fellows call
 They were two fingers fat—the thinnest of them all.

[*An account of the cutting up of the carcasses is omitted here*]

Men blow the Prys,² and loud they bay, the hounds
 Obtain their flesh, and then all homeward hie,
 And many a lusty note that eve abounds,
 And blast of horn, and that whole company
 Reach their fair castle as the day doth die.

¹ On, on.

² Announce the reward.

22. HAWKING.

[*The Boke of Saint Albans*, by Dame JULIANA BERNERS. 1486.]

Theys hawks belong to an Emproure.

Theys be the names of all maner of hawkes. First an Egle, a Bawtere, a Melowne. The symplest of theis iij will flee an Hynde calfe, a Fawn, a Roo, a Kydde, an Elke, a Crane, a Bustarde, a Storke, a Swan, a Fox in the playn grownde. And theis be not enlured, ne reclaymed bycause that thay be so ponderowse to the perch portatiff.¹ And theis iij by ther nature belong to an Emprowre.

Theis hawkes belong to a Kyng.

Ther is a Gerfawken, a Tercell of a gerfauken. And theys belong to a Kyng.

For a prynce.

Ther is a Fawken gentill and a Tercell gentill, and theys be for a prynce.

For a duke.

Ther is a Fawken of the rock. And that is for a duke.

For an Erle.

Ther is a Fawken peregryne. And that is for an Erle.

For a Baron.

Also ther is a Bastarde and that hauke is for a Baron.

Hawkes for a Knyght.

Ther is a Sacre and a Sacret. And theis be for a Knyght.

Hawkis for a Squyer.

Ther is a Lanare and a Lanrell. And theys belong to a Squyer.

For a lady.

Ther is a merlyon. And that hawke is for a lady.

¹ *I.e.*, the perch that is carried about.

An hawke for a yong man.

Ther is an Hoby. And that hauke is for a yong man.
And theys be hawkes of the towre, and ben both Flutid
to be calde and reclaymed.

And yit ther be moo Kyndis of hawkes.

Ther is a Goshawke and that hauke is for a yeman.
Ther is a Tercell. And that is for a powere man.
Ther is a Spare hawke, and he is an hawke for a prest.
Ther is a Muskyte. And he is for an holiwater clerke.
And theis be of an oder maner Kynde, for thay flie
to Ouerre and to fer Jutty and to Jutty Ferry.¹

23. FISHING.

Treatyse of Fysshynge with an angle. Attributed to Dame
JULIANA BERNERS.]

Fyrst pen yf a man wyl be mery and haue a glad spry
spryt he must eschew all contraryus companye and all
places of debates and stryves wher he myȝt haue occasyon
of malencholy and yf he wyl haue a labur not outrages he
must the orden hym to hys hertes plesens with owt stody
pensifulness or trauel a mery occupacion wyche may reioyse
hys hert and hys spryt in honest maner and yf he wyl
dyet hym selfe mesurably he must eschew all places of ryot
wiche is cause of surfettes and seknes and he must draw
hym to a place of sweyt eyr and hungre and ete norysching
metes and defyabul.² Y wyl now dyscryve the seyde iiij^{or}
disportes and gamys to fend the best of them as wyll as y
can. All be it þat þe ryȝht nobul Duke of Yorke late
calde master of the game hathe dyscryved the myrthes of
hunting lyke as y thynke to scryue of it and all þe other
þe greuys.³ For huntyng as to myne entent is to gret
labur. The hunter must all day renne and folow hys
howndes trauelyng and swetyng ful soyr he blowythe tyl

¹ Obscure passage.

² Digestible.

³ Griefs, as opposed to "myrthes."

hys lyppys blyster and wen he wenyt hyt be a hare fuloften hit ys a heyghoge thus he chaset and wen he cummet home at even reyn beton, seyr prykud with thornes and hys clothes tornes wet schod fulwy¹ sum of hys howndes lost som surbatted² suche grevys and meny oper to the hunter hapeth wiche for displesour of hem pat louth hyt I dare not report all. Trewly me semyt pat pis ys not the best disport and game of the seyð iii^{or}.

Hawkyng.

Thys disporte and game of hawkyng is laborous and ryght noyous also as me semyth and it is very trowthe. The fawkner often tymes leseth hys hawkes þe hunter hys houndes þen all hys disporte ben gon and don Full often he cryethe and wystel tyl he be sor a thyrst hys hawke taket a bowe³ and list not onys to hym reward⁴ wen he wolde haue ben for to fle. The wyl sche baythe⁵ with mysfedyng þen schall sche haue the frounce⁶ þe Rey⁶ þe Cray⁶ and mony oper seknes pat brynget hur to þe souce⁷ theise me semyth be good profet but the be not þe best gamys of The seyð iii^{or}.

Fowlyng.

The disporte and game of fowlyng me semyth most symplvest for yn the season of somer þe fowler spedyt not But yn þe most herde and colde wedyre he is soyr greved for he wolde go to hys gynnes he may not for colde many a gyn and many a snayr he maket and mony he leset, yn þe mernyng he walket yn the dew he goyth also wetschode and soyr a colde to dyner by the morow and sum tyme to bed or he haue wyl sowfrud for any thyng pat he may geyt by fowlyng. Meny other syche y can rehers but my

¹ Most probably.

² Footsore.

³ "Taketh a bowe"—a falconer's term for the random flight of a hawk.

⁴ A term in falconry signifying "to attend to the fowler."

⁵ Grovel in the dust.

⁶ Various diseases.

⁷ Obscure.

magyf¹ or angre maket me to leyf. Thys me semyth pat for huntynge haukyng and fowlyng be so laborous and greuous pat non of them may performe to enduce a man to a mery spryzt þe wyche is cause of longe lyfe accordyng to the parabol of Salomon.

Fyschyng.

Dowtles then folowyth it pat it must nedys be þe disporte and game of fyschyng with an angul rode for all oper maner of fyschyng is also ryght labure and greuous often causyng men to be ryght weyth² and colde wyche mony tymes hathe be seyn the cheyf cause of infyrmyte and sum tyme deythe. But the angleer may have no colde ne no disese ne angur but he be causer hymselfe for he may not gretly lose but a lyne or an hoke of wyche he may hayf plente of hys owyne makyng or of oper mens as thys sympul tretes schall teche hym so then hys loste ys no greuous. And oper greuous may he haue non But yf any fysche breke a wey from hym wen he is vp on hys hoke in londyng of the same fych or els pat ys to sey pat he cache not þe wich be no greyt greuous. For yf he fayl of on he may not faylle of a noþer yf he do as thys tretes folowys schall yn forme hym but yf þer ben non yn þe watur wer he schall angul and 3et at þe leste he schall have hys holsom walke and mery at hys own ease and also meny a sweyt eayr of dyuers erbis and flowres pat schall make hyt ryght hongre and well disposud in hys body he schall heyr þe melodyes melodious of þe Ermony of bryde³ he schall se also þe 3ong swannys and signetes folowyng þer Eyrours⁴ Duckes Cootes herons and many oper fowlys with þer brodys wyche me semyt better þen all þe noyse of houndes and blastes of hornes and oper gamys pat fawknars and hunters can make or els þe games pat fowlers can make and yf þe angleer take þe fysche hardly þen ys þer no man meryer þen he is in hys sprites.

¹ Probably a scribal error for magre=ill-will.

² Wet.

³ Birds.

⁴ A brood of swans.

How many maner of Anglynges pat per bene.

Now I haue lerned ȝow to make your hernes¹ now wyll I tell ȝow how ye schall vnderstende pat per be vj maner of anglyng. Oon is at pe grounde for pe troute. A nother at pe grounde at an arche of a brydge or at a stondyng wer hyt ebbethe or flowethe for bleke Roche and Dare.² The iij^d is with owt floote³ for all maner of fyche. The iiijth with a mener⁴ for the troute with owte plumbe or floote the same maner of Roche and Darse with a lyne of i or ij herys⁵ batyd with a flye. The vth is with a dubbed hooke for the troute and gralyng and for the principall poynt of anglyng kepe you euer from pe watur and from pe syzt of fyche fer on the londe or els be hynde a busche or a tre pat pe fysche see yow not for yf he do he wyl not bytte and loke ye shadow not the watur as moche as ye may for hyt ys a thynhe wyche wyl a fray pe fyche and yf he be a frayd he wyl not byt a good while aftur. For all maner of fyche pat fedyt by the grownde ye schall angle to hym in the myddes of the watur and some deyl moyr be neythe pen a boue for euer pe greter fyche the ner he lythe pe boten of pe watur and the smaler fyche comenly swymmyth a boue The vjth good poynte ys when ye fyche byteth pat ȝe be not to hasty to smyt hym nor to late. Ye must a byde tyll ye suppose pat pe bayte and the hoke be welle yn the mouthe of the fyche and then strike hym and pys ys for the grounde and fer the float wen ȝe bey thynke⁶ hyt pulled softly vnder the watur or els caryed vpon pe watur softly then smyte hym and se pat ȝe neuer ouer smyt pe strynght of ȝowr lyne for brekyng and yf he hap to stryke a gret fyche with a smayl lyne ye must leyd hym in the watur and labur per tyll he be ouercome and weryd. Than take hym as well as ye may and be war pat ȝe holde not ouer pe strynght of ȝowr lyne and yf ȝe may yn any wyse let not

¹ Tackle. ² Darse or dace. ³ Float. ⁴ Obscure. ⁵ Hairs. ⁶ Bethink ?

hym on at the lynes ende stregiht from 3ow but kepe hym euer þe rod and euer hold hym streight. So þat 3e may susteyn hys lepys and hys plumbes¹ with the helpe of yowr honde.

24. BEAR BAITING.

[LANEHAM's Account of the Queen's Entertainment at Kenilworth Castle, 1575, given in a letter to Mr. Martin, a mercer of London.]

Well, syr, the bearez wear brought foorth intoo the court, the dogs set too them, too argu the points even face to face; they had learn'd counsel also a both parts: what may they be coounted parciall that are retain but a to syde? I ween no. Very feers both ton and toother, and eager in argument: if the dog in pleadyng would pluk the bear by the throte, the bear with travers woould claw him again by the scalp; confess and a list, but avoyd a coold not that waz bound too the bar: and his counsell toold him that it coould be too him no pollecy in pleading. Thearfore thus with fending and prooving, with plucking and tugging, skratting and byting, by plain tooth and nayll a to side and toother, such expens of blood and leather waz thear between them, az a moonth's licking, I ween, wyl not recoover; and yet remain az far out az ever they wear. It was a sport very pleazaunt of theez beasts; to see the bear with his pink nyez leering after hiz enmiez approch, the nimbleness and wayt of the dog to take hiz avauntage, and the fors and experiens of the bear agayn to avoyd the assaults: if he wear bitten in one place, how he would pinch in an oother to get free: that if he wear taken onez, then what shyft, with byting, with clawyng, with roring, tossing, and tumbling, he woould woork too wynd hymself from them: and when he waz lose, to shake his ears twyse or thryse wyth the blud and the slaver about his fiznamy, was a matter of goodly releef.

¹ Plunges.

25. HORSE RACING.

[*Syr Bevis of Hampton*. The story of Sir Bevis is one of tenth-century Viking England, which has been metamorphosed by Crusading influences. It has been printed by the E.E.T.S.]

In somer at Whitsontyde,
 Whan Knightes most on horsebacke ride ;
 A cours, let they make on a daye,
 Steedes, and Palfraye, for to assaye
 Whiche horse, that best may ren,
 Three myles the cours was then,
 Who that might ryde him shoulde
 Have forty pounds of redy golde.

26. OUTDOOR GAMES.

[SAMUEL ROWLANDS: *The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head-Vaine*, 1600.]

Man, I dare challenge thee to throw the sledge,
 To jumpe or leape over a ditch or hedge ;
 To wrastle, play at stooleball,¹ or to runne,
 To pitch the barre, or to shoote off a gunne ;
 To play at loggets,² nineholes,³ or ten pinnes,
 To trie it at foot-ball, by the shinnes ;
 At Ticktack,⁴ Irish,⁴ Noddie,⁵ Maw,⁶ and Ruffe :⁷

¹ *Stool-ball*.—One player sits on a stool and another takes the ball and tosses it with the object of hitting the stool before the occupier of the stool can strike it away with his hand. It only needs the substitution of a bat for the hand to arrive at the game known to-day as "French cricket." Stool-ball is still played at Alfriston and other places in Sussex.

² *Loggets*, or *loggats*, is a game similar to ninepins, but played entirely with bones. It is analogous to Kayles and cloish.

³ *Nineholes*.—A board is pierced with nine holes, each bearing a numeral. The players stand at a certain mark and bowl a ball, and according to the value of the figures belonging to the holes into which they roll the game is reckoned.

⁴ *Tick-Tack* and *Irish* are varieties of backgammon. ⁵ Unknown.

⁶ *Maw*.—A card game played with a piquet pack of thirty-six cards, by from two to six persons, who were divided into partners. Also called "Five Cards."

⁷ *Ruffe*.—A simple card game.

At hot-cockles,¹ leape-frogge, or blindman-buffe
 To drinke halfe pots, or deale at the whole canne :
 To play at base, or pen and-Ynk-horne sir Jhan :²
 To daunce the Morris, play at barley-breake,³
 At all exploytes a man can thinke or speake ;
 At shove-groate, venter poynt,⁴ or crosse the pile,⁵
 At " beshrow him that's last at yonder style " ;
 At leapyng ore a Midsommer bon-fier,
 Or at the drawing Dun out of the myer ;⁴
 At " shoote-cocke, Gregory,"⁴ stoole-ball, and what not,
 Pickle-point,⁴ tappe and scourge, to make him hott.

27. FOOTBALL.

[A Chester antiquary quoted by STRUTT : *Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, edited by Rev. J. C. Cox, p. 94. With the extract compare the game of football still played at Ashbourne, Derbyshire, on Shrove Tuesday.]

It had been the custom, time out of mind, for the shoe-makers yearly on the Shrove Tuesday to deliver to the drapers, in the presence of the mayor of Chester, at the cross on the Rodehee,⁶ one ball of leather called a foote-ball, of the value of three shillings and fourpence or above, to play at from thence to the Common Hall of the said city ; which practice was productive of much inconvenience, and therefore this year (1540), by consent of the parties concerned, the ball was changed into six grayves⁷ of silver of the like value, as a reward for the best runner that day upon the aforesaid Rodehee.

¹ *Hot-cockles* (French : *hautes-coquilles*) is a play in which one kneels, and covering his eyes, lays his head in another's lap and guesses who struck him.

² Unknown.

³ *Barley-brake*.—A game similar to Prisoners' Base.

⁴ The nature of these games is unknown.

⁵ *Cross-and-Pile*.—Called " heads or tails " to-day ; tossing with a coin.

⁶ An open space near the city.

⁷ A lance set up as a winning-post and given as a prize to the successful competitor ; hence, a prize.

28. HURLING.

[CAREW : *Survey of Cornwall*, 1602, Book I., p. 73. Quoted by STRUTT : *Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, edited by Rev. J. C. Cox, p. 91.] Hurling appears to be the ancestor of the modern hockey. It was originally played by the Romans as a hand-ball game.

Hurling taketh his denomination from throwing of the ball, and is of two sorts : in the east parts of Cornwall to goales, and in the west to the country. For hurling to goales there are fifteen, twenty, or thirty players, more or less, chosen out on each side, who strip themselves to their slightest apparell and then join hands in ranke one against another ; out of these rankes they match themselves by payres, one embracing another, and so passe away, every of which couple are especially to watch one another during the play ; after this they pitch two bushes in the ground, some eight or ten feet asunder, and directly against them, ten or twelve score paces off, other twain in like distance, which they term goales, where some indifferent person throweth up a ball, the which whosoever can catch and carry through his adversaries goale, hath wonne the game ; but herein consisteth one of Hercules his labours, for he that is once possessed of the ball, hath his contrary mate waiting at inches and assaying to lay hold upon him, the other thrusteth him in the breast with his closed fist to keep him off, which they call butting.

[In hurling to the country] two or three, or more parishes agree to hurl against two or three other parishes. The matches are usually made by gentlemen, and their goales are either those gentlemen's houses, or some towns or villages three or four miles asunder, of which either side maketh choice after the nearnesse of their dwellings ; when they meet there is neyther comparing of numbers nor matching of men, but a silver ball is cast up, and that company which can catch and carry it by force or slight to the place assigned, gaineth the ball and the victory. Such as see where the ball is played give notice, crying "'Ware

east!" "Ware west!" as the same is carried. The hurlers take their next way over hills, dales, hedges, ditches; yea, and thorow bushes, briars, mires, plashes, and rivers, whatsoever, so as you shall sometimes see twenty or thirty lie tugging together in the water, scrambling and scratching for the ball.

29. THE QUINTAIN.

[“Knyghthode and Batayle,” early fifteenth-century poem quoted in STRUTT: *The Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, edited by Rev. J. C. Cox, p. 107.]

Of fight, the disciplyne, and exercise
Was this. To have a pale or pile upright
Of mannys hight, thus writeth olde and wise;
Therewith a bachelor, or a yong knyght,
Shal first be taught to stonde and lerne to fight.
And fanne a doubil wight, tak him his shelde
Of doubil wight, a mace of tre to welde.

This fanne and mace whiche either doubil wight,
Of shelde, and swayed in conflicte, or bataile,
Shal exercise as well swordmen, as knyghtes.
And noe man, as they sayn, is seyn prevaile,
In field, or in castell, thoughe he assaile,
That with the pile, nathe first grete exercise,
Thus writeth Werroure olde and wyse.

Have eche his pile or pale upfixe fast,
And as it were uppon his mortal foe;
With mightyness and weapon most be cast
To fight stronge, that he ne skape hym fro.
On hym with shield, and sword avise so,
That thou be cloos, and preste thy foe to smyte,
Lest of thyne own dethe thou be to wite.

Empeche¹ his head, his face, have at his gorge,
Beare at the breste, or sperne him one the side.
With myghte knyghtly poost², ene as Seynt George

¹ Attack.

² Power.

Lepe o thy foe ; looke if he dare abide :
Will he not flee ? wounde him ; make woundis wide,
Hew of his honde, his legge, his theyhs, his armys,
It is the Turk, though he be sleyn noon harm is.

30. CRICKET.

[STRUTT: *The Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, edited by Rev. J. C. Cox, p. 100.]

There is an interesting reference to this early form of cricket about 1420. John Combe of Quidhampton was one of the witnesses examined by the commissioners appointed by the Pope to inquire into the alleged miracles at the tomb of Bishop Osmund, of Salisbury, when a petition had been presented for that prelate's canonisation. Combe testified that, ten years before, his neighbours were playing at ball with great clubs (*ludentes ad pilam cum baculis magnis*) in the village of Bemerton, when they quarrelled over the game. The witness interposed and tried to make peace, when one of the players struck him with his club, breaking his head and right shoulder, so that he lay sick and unable to hear or to see or to move head or arm for more than three months. Eventually he was healed by making an offering of his head and shoulders in wax, marked with wounds similar to his own, at the tomb of the bishop, accompanied by prayers.

31. BULL RUNNING AT TUTBURY.

[“Ballad of Robin Hood's Birth, Breeding, Valor, and Marriage,” *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, edited by F. J. Child. Vol. iii., p. 217. The Robin Hood cycle of ballads forms one of the largest in this book, and they are full of references to the amusements and customs of the Middle Ages.]

This battle was fought near to Tutbury town,
When the bagpipes bated the bull ;
I am King of the fidlers, and sware 'tis a truth,
And I call him that doubts it a gull.

For I saw them fighting, and fiddl the while,
 And Clorinda sung, Hey derry down !
 The bumpkins are beaten, put up thy sword, Bob,
 And now let's dance into the town.

Before we came to it, we heard a strange shouting,
 And all that were in it lookd madly ;
 For some were a bull-back, some dancing a morris,
 And some singing Arthur-a-Bradly.

32. QUARTER-STAFF.

[“Ballad of Robin Hood and the Tanner,” *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, edited by F. J. Child. Vol. iii., p. 138.]

Then Robin he unbuckled his belt
 And laid down his bow so long ;
 He took up a staff of another oke graff,
 That was both stiff and strong.

* * * * *

“But let me measure,” said Jolly Robin,
 “Before we begin our fray ;
 For I’ll not have mine to be longer than thine,
 For that will be counted foul play.”

“I pass not for length,” bold Arthur replied,
 “My staff is of oke so free ;
 Eight foot and a half it will knock down a calf,
 And I hope it will knock down thee.”

Then Robin could no longer forbear,
 He gave him such a knock,
 Quickly and soon the blood came down
 Before it was ten o’clock.

* * * * *

About and about and about they went,
 Like two wild boars in a chase,
 Striving to aim each other to maim
 Leg, arm, or any other place.

And knock for knock they hastily dealt,
Which held for two hours and more ;
That all the wood rang at every bang
They ply'd their work so sore.

33. LORD OF MISRULE.

[*The Diary of Henry Machyn*. Camden Society, 1848, p. 13. The Lord of Misrule may be best described as Master of the Christmas revels. Leland calls him the Abbot of Misrule, and in Scotland he was known as the Abbot of Unreason. He is believed to have been peculiar to these islands.

1551. The iiij day of Januarii was mad a grett skaffold [in Ch] epe hard by the crosse, agaynst the kynges lord of myss[rule] cumyng from Grenwyche ; and landyd at Towre warff, [and with] hym yonge knyghts and gentyllmen a gret nombur on [horseb]ake sum in gownes and cotes and chynes¹ abowt ther nekes, every man havyng a balderyke of yelow and grene abowt ther nekes, and on the Towre hyll ther they [went in] order, furst a standard of yelow and grene sylke with Sant Gorge, and then gounes and skuybes,² and trompets and bagespipes, and drousselars³ and flutes, and then a gret compeny all in yelow and gren, and docturs declaryng my lord grett, and then the mores danse dansyng with a tabret,⁴ and afor xx of ys consell on horsbake in gownes of chanabulle⁵ lynyd with blue taffata and capes⁶ of the sam, lyke sage [men] ; then cam my lord with a gowne of gold furyd with fur of the goodlyest collers⁷ as ever youe saw, and then ys . . . and after cam a alf a hundred in red and wyht, tallmen [of] the gard, with hods of the sam coler, and cam in to the cete ; and after cam a carte, the whyche cared the pelere,⁸ the a . . . , [the] jubett,⁹ the stokes, and at the crose in Chepe a gret brod s[kaffold] for to go up ; then cam up the trumpeter, the harold, [and the] doctur of the law, and

¹ Chains. ² Squibs. ³ Erroneous form of drumslder—a drummer

⁴ A timbrel.

⁵ Unknown material.

⁶ Caps.

⁷ Colours.

⁸ Pillory.

⁹ Gibbet.

ther was a proclamasyon mad of my lord[']s progeny,¹ and of ys gret howshold that he [kept,] and of ys dyngnyte; and there was a hoghed of wyne [at] the skaffold, and ther my lord dranke, and ys consell, and [had] the hed smyttyn owt that every body mytth drynke, and [money?] cast abowt them, and after my lord[']s grase rod unto my lord mer² and alle ys men to dener, for ther was dener as youe have sene³; and after he toke his hers,⁴ and rod to my lord Tresorer at Frer Austens, and so to Bysshopgate, and so to Towre warff, and toke barge to Grenwyche.

34. KING OF CHRISTMAS.

[*Selected Records of the City of Norwich*. Vol. i., p. 345. This incident in the history of Norwich has been called "Gladman's Insurrection." Norwich was in a very excited condition owing to a quarrel with the neighbouring dignitaries of the Church. Gladman's excuse that he was merely masquerading in the manner usual of Shrove Tuesday is weak, when we consider that the date of the procession was January.]

1448. And wher that it was so that on John Gladman of Norwich which was ever and at this oure is a man of sad disposicion and true and fethful to God and to the King, of disporte as is and ever hath ben accustomed in ony Cite or Burgh thugh al this reame on fastyngong tuesday⁵ made a disporte w^t his neyghburghs having his hors trapped with tyneseyle and otherwyse dysgysyn things crowned as King of Kristmesse in token that all merthe shuld end with ye twelve monthes of ye yer,⁶ afore hym eche moneth disgyrd after ye seson yerof, and Lenten cladde in white with redde herrings skinnes and his hors trapped with oyster shelles after him in token y^t sadnesse and abstinence of merth shulde followe and an holy tyme; and so rode in diverse

¹ *I.e.*, genealogy.

² Mayor.

³ *I.e.*, as great a dinner.

⁴ Horse.

⁵ Shrove Tuesday.

⁶ March was considered to be the first month of the year. Gladman's procession took place on January 24 or 25, which rather confuses this passage.

stretes of ye Cite w^t other peple w^t hym disgysed making
merthe and disporte and pleyes.

35. EASTER DAY.

[BARNABY GOOGE, in his adaptation of Naogeorgus, as quoted by
BRAND: *Popular Antiquities*, vol. i., p. 164. Bohn's Library.
Thomas Kirchmeyer or Naogeorgus (1511-1563) was the author of
anti-Papist invective in verse entitled *Regni Papistici*.]

At midnight then with carefull minde they up to mattens
ries,

The Clarke doth come, and after him, the Priest with
staring eies.

At midnight strait, not tarying till the daylight doe appeere,
Some gettes in flesh, and, glutton lyke, they feede upon
their cheere.

They rost their flesh, and custardes great, and egges and
radish store,

And trifles, clouted creame, and cheese, and whatsoever
more

At first they list to eate, they bring into the temple straight,
That so the Priest may halow them with wordes of
wond'rous waight.

The friers besides, and pelting¹ priests, from house to house
do roame,

Receyving gaine of every man that this will have at home.
Some raddish rootes this day doe take before all other meate,
Against the quartan ague, and such other sicknesse great.
Straight after this into the fieldes they walke to take the
viewe,

And to their woonted life they fall, and bid the reast adewe.

36. CORONATION OF QUEEN MARY.

[*Diary of Henry Machyn*. Camden Society, 1848, p. 45.]

1553. The xxx day of September the Qwuyen[']s grace
cam from the Towre thurgh London, rydyng in a charet

¹ Mean or contemptible.

gorgusly be-sene unto Westmynster; by the way at Fanche-chyrche a goodly pagant, with iiij grett gyants, and with goodly speches, the geneways¹ mad yt; at Grache-chyrche a-nodur goodly pajant of esterlyngs² makyng; and at Ledyne-hall was nodur pagant hangyd with cloth of gold, and the goodlyst playng with all maner of musyssoners, and ther was on³ blohyng of a trumpet all the day longe; at the conduyt in Cornhyll a-nodur of the sete⁴; and [at] the grett condutt a-nodur goodly on,³ and the standard pentyd and gyldyd, and the crosse pentyd; and [at] the lytyll conduyt a goodly pagant; in Powlles chyrche-yerde ij pagants; and ij scaffolds on Powlles stepull with stremars; and Ludgat pentyd; . . . Westmynster chyrche, and ther her grace hard masse, and was crounyd a-pon a he⁵ stage, and after [she was] a-nontyd Qwene, the forst day of October. [When all] was don, her grace cam to Westmynster hall . . . yt was iiij of the cloke or she whent to dener [or pa]st; and then the duke of Norflore rod up and done the hall, my lord the yerle of Darbe he⁵ constabull, the yerle of Arundell he boteler, and my lord of Borgane⁶ cheyff larderer, master Dymmoke the qwyen[’s] champyon; and ther was [great me]lode; and the erle of Devonshyre bare the sword, and the yerle of Westmorland bare the cape⁷ of mantenans, and the erle of Shrowsbery bare the crowne, and the duke of Norffolke [was earl] marshall, and the yerle of Arundell lord stuard, and the erle of Surray was doer under the duke ys grandshyr, and the erle of Woseter was her grace[’s] carver that day at dener, my lord Wyndsore was [blank]; and at the end of the tabull dynyd my lade Elisabeth and my lade Anne of Cleyff;⁸ and so yt was candyll-lyght or her grace or she had dynyd, and so [anon] her grace toke barge.

¹ Genoese.² Easterling merchants.³ One.⁴ City.⁵ High.⁶ Abergavenny.⁷ Cap.⁸ Cleves.

37. CORONATION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

[*The Diary of Henry Machyn*, Camden Society, 1848, p. 186.]

1558. [The xiv day of January the Queen came in a chariot from] the Towre, with all the lordes and ladies [in crimson] velvet, and ther horses trapyd with the sam, and [trumpeters in] red gownes blohyng, and all the haroldes in ther cottes armur, and all the strettes stroyd¹ with gravell; and at Grasyus² street a goodly pagantt of Kyng [Henry] the viij and quen Ane ys wyff and of ther lenege- and in Cornelle³ a-nodur goodly pagantt of Kyng Henry and Kyng Edward the vjth; and be-syd Soper lane in [Cheap a-]nodur goodly pagantt, and the condyth⁴ pentyd; [and] at the lytylle condutt a-nodur goodly pagant of a qwyke tre and a ded, and the quen had a boke gyffyn her ther; and ther the recorder of London and the chambur, layn delevered unto the quen a purse of gold fulle to the waluw of [blank]; and so to the Flett strett to the condyt, and ther was a-nodur goodly pagantt of the ij chyrchys; and at Tempylle bare was ij grett gyanttes, the one name was Goott-magott⁵ a Albaon and the thodur Co[r]ineus].

38. PAGEANTS.

[*The Coventry Leet Book*, Part III., pp. 589-592. E.E.T.S. An account of the pageantry performed on the occasion of the welcome to Prince Edward in 1474 will also be found in the Coventry Leet Book.]

Mem. that this 3ere the Wensday the xvii day of Octobre anno xiiij^o Regis H. vij, prince Arthur, the ffirst begoton son of Kyng Henre the vijth, then beyng of pe age of xij 3eres and more, cam first to Couentre and there lay in pe priory fro Wensday unto pe Munday next sying, at which tyme he remoued toward London. Ayenst whos comyng was pe Sponstrete-3ate garnysshed with the ix worthy[s], and Kyng Arthur then havyng thus spech, as foloweth:—

¹ Strewed. ² Gracechurch. ³ Cornhill. ⁴ Conduit. ⁵ Gogmagog.

[King Arthur.] Hayle, prynce roiall, most amiable in sight !

Whom the Court eternall, thurgh prudent gouernaunce,
Hath chosen to be egall ons to me in myght,

To sprede our name, Arthur, and actes to auaunce,

And of meanys victorious to have such habundaunce,
That no fals treitour, ne cruell tirrant,

Shall in eny wyse make profer to your lande.

And rebelles all falce quarels schall eschewe,

Thurgh pe fere of Pallas, that favoureth your lynage

And all outward Enmyes laboreth to subdue,

To make them to do to yewe as to me dyd homage.

Welcome therfore, the solace and comfort of my olde age,
Prince pereless, Arthur, I come of noble progeny,

To me and to youre Chambre with all pis hole companye !

And at the turnyng into pe Croschepying before Maister
Thrumpton's durre, stode pe barkers paiant¹ well apparell,
in which was the Quene of Fortune with dyuers other
virgyns, which quene has pis spech folowyng :—

[Queen of Fortune.] I am dame Fortune, quene called full
expedient

To Emprours and princes, prelates, with other moo

As Cesar, Hectour, and Fabius, most excellent,

Scipio, exalted Nausica, and Emilianus also,

Valerius, also Marchus, with sapient Cicero.

E² and noble men, breuely the truth to conclude, all

My favour verily had, as storys maketh rehersall ;

With-oute whom, sithen non playnly can prospere,

That in pis mutable lyfe as now procedyng,

I am come thurgh love. Trust me intiere

To be with yewe and yours Evirmore enduryng,

Prynce, most unto my pleasure of all pat ar now
reynyng ;

Wherfore, my nowne hert and best beloved treasure,

Welcome to pis youre Chaumbre of whom ye be inheriture.

¹ Pageant.

² Ay.

And the Crosse in the Croschepyng was garnysshed, and wyne there rennyng, and angels sensyng and syngyng, with Orgayns and othere Melody etc. And at pe Cundyng, ther was seynt George kylling the dragon, and seynt George had this speche folowyng :—

[Saint George.] O most soueraign lorde, he dyvyne provision to be

The ruler of cruell Mars and Kyng Insuperable !

Ye reiouce my corage, trustyng hit to se,

That named am George, your patron fauorable ;

To whom ye ar and euer shall be so acceptable,

That in felde, or Cite, where-so-ever ye rayne

Shall I neuer fayle yewe, thus is my purpose playn.

To protect your magnyficence myself I shall endeavour,

In all thynges that your highnes shall concerne,

More tenderly then I ȝit did euer ;

Kyng, duke, yerle, lorde, or also berne,¹

As ye be myn assistance in processe shall lerne,

Which thurgh your vertue, most amorous knyght,

I owe to your presence be due and very right.

Like-wyse as pis lady be grace I defended,

That thurgh myschaunce chosen was to dye,

ffro this foule serpent whom I sore wonded ;

So ye in distresse preserve ever woll I

ffro all parell and wyked veleny,

That shuld your noble persone in eny wyse distrayn,

Which welcome is to pis your Chambre and to me right fayn.

And this balet was song at pe Crosse :

Viuat le prynce Arthur.

Ryall prince Arthur,	} to pis your cite !
Welcome nowe, tresur,	
With all oure hole Cur, ²	

¹ Baron.

² Heart.

Sithen in vertue dere,	}	as all we may see.
Lorde, ye haue no pere,		
Of your age tendre,		
Cunyng requyred,	}	your intelligence.
All hath contriued,		
And so receyued—		
That Yngland, all playn,	}	to their extollence.
May nowe be right fayn		
Yewe long to remayn,		
Syng we per foll all ;	}	that he yewe defend !
Also let us call		
To God Immortall		
In this breue beyng	}	to your lyfes yend !
Youre astate supporting,		
And vertue ay spredyng,		

39. MARRIAGE FESTIVITIES.

[*Diary of Henry Machyn.* Camden Society, 1848, p. 82.]

1555. The xij of Feybruary was my lord Strange mared to the lade of Cumberland the Yerle of Cumberland doyetur ; and after a grett dener, and justes, and after tornay on horsbake with swordes, and after soper Jube the cane, a play,¹ with torch-lyght and cressett-lyghtes, Lx cressets and C of torchys, and a maske, and a bankett.

40. FESTIVAL.

[*Diary of Henry Machyn,* Camden Society, 1848, p. 191.]

1559. The xxj of Marche the quen('s) master cokes and odor her offesers, and at Mylle-end ther they dynyd, [with] all maner of mett and drynke ; and ther was all maner of artelere, as drumes, flutes, trumpetes, gones, mores² pykes, halbardes, to the number of v C ; the gonners in shurtes

¹ Juego de Canas, or tilting with canes, a sport introduced by the Spaniards.

² Moorish.

of maylle and . . . pykes in bryght harnes, and mony swardes and v grett pesses of gones and shot in . . . the wyche did myche hurt unto glass wy[ndows ;] and cam a gret gyant danssyng, and after [that a] mores dansse dansyng, and gones and mor[es pikes] ; and after cam a cart with a grett wyth¹ and ij [bears] with-in the cartt, and be-syd whent a gret . . . of grett mastes ;² and then cam the master cokes rydyng in cottes in brodere, and chynes of gold, and mony of the quen('s) servandes in ther levery, to the cowrt, and ther they shott ther pesses, and with-in the parke was ij C chamburs gret and smalle shot, and the Quen('s) grace standyn in the galere ; and so evere man whent in-to the parke, showhyng them in batell ray, shutying and playhyng at bowt the parke ; and a-for the quen was on of bayres³ was bated, and after the mores dansers whent in-to the cowrt, dansyng in mony offeses.⁴

41. TOURNAMENTS.

[HOLINSHED : *Chronicles*.]

The King, causing lists to be prepared in West Smithfield for these champions, [the Bastard of Burgundy and Lord Scales] and verie faire and costlie galleries for the ladies, was present at this martiall enterprise⁵ himselfe. The first daie they ran together diverse courses with sharpe speares, and departed with equall honor. The next day they turnoied on horsebacke. The lord Scales' horsse had on his chamfron, a long sharpe pike of steele, and as the two champions coped together, the same horsse (whether through custome, or by chance) thrust his pike into the nose thrills of the bastard's horsse ; so that for verie paine he mounted so high that he fell on the one side with his master, and the lord Scales rode round about him with his sword in his hand, untill the king commanded the marshall

¹ Whip (?).

² Mastiffs (?).

³ Bears.

⁴ *I.e.*, rooms of the houses, such as the kitchen.

⁵ This duel took place in 1467.

to helpe up the bastard, which openlie said, "I can not hold me by the clouds, for though my horsse faileth mee, suerlie I will not faile my conter companion." The king would not suffer them to doo anie more that daie.

The morrow after, the two noblemen came into the field on foot, with two polaxes, and fought valiantlie; but, at the last, the point of the polax of the lord Scales happened to enter into the sight of the bastarde's helme, and by fine force might have plucked him on his knees; the king suddenly cast downe his warder, and then the marshals them severed. The bastard, not content with this chance, and trusting on the cunning which he had with the polax, required the king, of justice, that he might performe his enterprise. The lord Scales refused it not, but the king said he would aske counsell; and so, calling to him the constable and the marshall, with the Officers of Armes, after consultation had, and the lawes of armes rehersed, it was declared for a sentence definitive, by the Duke of Clarence, then Constable of England, and the Duke of Norffolke, then Marshall, that if he would go forward with his attempted challenge, he must, by the law of armes, be delivered to his adversarie in the same state and like condition as he stood when he was taken from him. The bastard, hearing this judgment, doubted the sequele of the matter; and so relinquished his challenge.

42. INDOOR GAMES.

[*Misogonus*, Act I., Scene 4. *Early Plays from the Italian*, by R. Warwick Bond. 1911. This very disconnected fragment from *Misogonus* has been included here because it gives us a number of the games played in taverns in the sixteenth century.]

Oenophilus :

Ife bene for yon man oth churche and wotte your where
I had him

ith alhouse at whipperginnye ¹ as close as a burr.

¹ *Whip-her-Jenny*.—A game at cards.

Misogonus :

And why broughtes him not with the,

Oenophilus :

I warrent yow I badd him

and hadd pleade but thie trickes heile come as round
as a purr.¹

Sir Johne :

Here ostice here ostice I come quater

Oenophilus :

Come one Sir John you haue bene in some forsett²
my mistrisse sendes in hast your pase yow must mende

Sir Johne :

I was so fast in that I coulde not thens gett
but where is ye gentlewoman y^t for me did sende

Oenophilus :

Here I haue brought him at your worships requeste
and this be not a right man your selfe be judge.

Misogonus :

Welcome Sir John now sure heis a breakinge prist³
its pittty by my Chrissondome thou shouldst be such
a drudge

Sir Johne :

Yf your worshipp lack a gamster ame a gamster very
fayre

for a pound or tow Ile kepe yow company by day or by
night

at cardes dice or tables⁴ or anythinge I will not spare
to kepe a gentleman company I doe greatly delighte.

Melissa :

Now surely my cockeril this was good lucke
that so honest a copemate⁵ were fetched vs to day
What game master person do yow now most acqynt
lets have some fine game that came latest vp.

¹ He'll come, for a certainty.

² They've held you to it.

³ Meaning uncertain.

⁴ Backgammon.

⁵ Comrade.

Sir Johne :

I have many good games madam as ruff, mawe, and saint¹

or god a mercy good fellowe when aboute goes the cup.

Melissa :

Nay but Ide rather at the dice have a cast

haue yow any dice let vs see master ficker²

Sir Johne :

Dice. I have plenty yow shall see them in hast

heirs even my study, if I hit of good licker

Misogonus :

What games can yow play at lets haue those yow vse weekly

we trifle ye tyme let vs sticke to our tacklinge

Sir Johne :

tick tack³ mume chaunce⁴ or novunce⁵ come quicly

. . . hinge⁶ any thinge its my dayly fackling

Cacurgus :

nuncle Good vncle drawe a carde and thou lovest me drawe what thou wilt for a penney ites thy brother.

43. CHESS.

[CHAUCER : *The Book of the Duchess.*]

My boldnesse is turned to shame,

For fals Fortune hath pleyd a game

Atte ches with me, alas ! the whyle !

* * * *

Atte ches with me she gan to pleye ;

With hir false draughtes⁸ divers

¹ *Ruff* or *trumpe*.—The predecessor of whist. *Mawe*.—Played with a piquet pack of thirty-six cards by two to six players. *Saint*—i.e., cent.—so called because 100 up was the game. ² *Vicar*.

³ *Tick-tack*.—A kind of backgammon, played with men and pegs.

⁴ A card or dice game, at which silence was essential.

⁵ *Novum* was played by five or six, the two chief throws being nine or five.

⁶ Perhaps another game.

⁷ I.e., it's a knave.

⁸ Moves.

She stol on me, and took my fers.¹
 And when I saw my fers aweye,
 Alas! I couthe no lenger pleye,
 But seyde, "farwel, swete, y-wis,
 And farwel al that ever ther is!"
 Therwith Fortune seyde "chek here!"
 And "mate!" in mid pointe of the chekkere
 With a pounne erraunt,² allus!
 Ful craftier to pley she was
 Than Athalus,³ that made the game
 First of the ches: so was his name.
 But god would I had ones or twyes
 Y-koud and knowe the Ieupardyes⁴
 That coude the Grek Fithagores!⁵
 I shulde have pleyd the bet at ches,
 And kept my fers the bet therby;
 And thogh wherto? for trewely
 I hold that wish not worth a stree!
 Hit had be never the bet for me.

44. CHESS.

ROBERT DE BRUNNE'S *Handlyng Synne*, E.E.T.S., vol. i., p. 37-38.]

zyf pou euer with iogeloure,
 With hasadoure or with rotoure⁶
 Hauntyst tauerne, or wete to any pere⁷
 To pley at pe ches or at pe tablere,
 Specyaly before pe noun
 When goddys seruyse owyp to be doun,
 Hyt ys azens pe comaundment
 And holy cherches asent.

¹ The queen. The word is a Persian one, meaning king's chief counsellor or general. ² An ignominious way of losing a game.

³ Attalus Philometor, King of Pergamus.

⁴ Problems, critical positions.

⁵ Pythagoras considered that all things were founded upon numerical relations.

⁶ Player on the rote, an instrument probably like the violin.

⁷ Obscure.

45. CHEATING PRACTISED BY TWO GAMBLERS ACTING
IN COLLUSION.

[*Records of the Borough of Nottingham*, vol. ii., pp. 133-5.
Translation. 1432-3, February 5.]

The same Henry Bonnington in his own proper person complains of the same John Balthwaite Junior, of Nottingham, of a plea and deceit. And whereupon he says that whereas the aforesaid John, at the feast of Saint Stephen, in the 7th year of the present King, at Nottingham, played at tables with the aforesaid Henry under this condition previously made, that if the said Henry would permit the said John to win the said Henry's money as a means of winning the money of other players, the same John would give back again to the said Henry his money so lost to the said John together with half of his profit that he should have so won from the others; by reason of which agreement the said John, at the aforesaid day, year and place, won from divers men contending and playing with him what, together with 20d. of the said Henry's amounts to sum of 9s., &c.; the aforesaid John, although he had been often requested, has not yet paid to the aforesaid Henry 3s. 8d. for half of his winnings together with 20d. of the said Henry's own money, but he refused, and still does refuse to pay him, in deceit and to the grievous damage of the said Henry: whereby he says that he is injured &c., to the value of 6s. 8d.; and therefore he brings suit. And the aforesaid John in his own proper person comes, and defends the force &c., and he says that he is in no wise guilty thereof as, &c.; and thus he is ready, &c.; and the said Henry does the like &c. Wherefore an inquest &c.

It is said by the Mayor, &c. that this plea cannot be maintained by law, &c. Therefore the said Henry is in mercy for his unjust plaint, &c.